

UNIVERSITY CLUB



Issue of March 10, 1917

# Little Ballads of Married Life

By H. B. Winley

*What fools these mortals be!*

Rodney Thompson

Born 1820  
—still going strong.



*Wise One:* "THE OLD PROVERB SAYS:—'BELIEVE NOT ALL YOU HEAR, AND TELL NOT ALL YOU BELIEVE.'"

*Wiser One:* "BUT YOU CAN BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR ABOUT 'JOHNNIE WALKER' RED LABEL, AND TELL ALL YOU BELIEVE."

—Because its superior quality is safeguarded by the famous "Johnnie Walker" non-refillable bottle.

Every drop of Red Label is over 10 years old before released from bond—the non-refillable bottle does the rest.

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Puck

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## What's The Funniest Thing That Ever Happened to You?

PUCK wants to find out how funny the world can be when in its most jocular mood. Everybody has had some funny experience. Write it on one side of the paper, keep it within 500 words—the shorter the better—and send it to PUCK previous to March 15th, 1917.

To the reader who relates the funniest experience in the most readable form, PUCK will mail a check for \$250.00 shortly after the closing of the contest. A second prize of \$150.00 for the next best, and a third prize of \$100.00 for the third best story, will be awarded at the same time. The editors of PUCK will be the judges, and entries not awarded a prize but considered available for publication will be purchased at our regular rates.

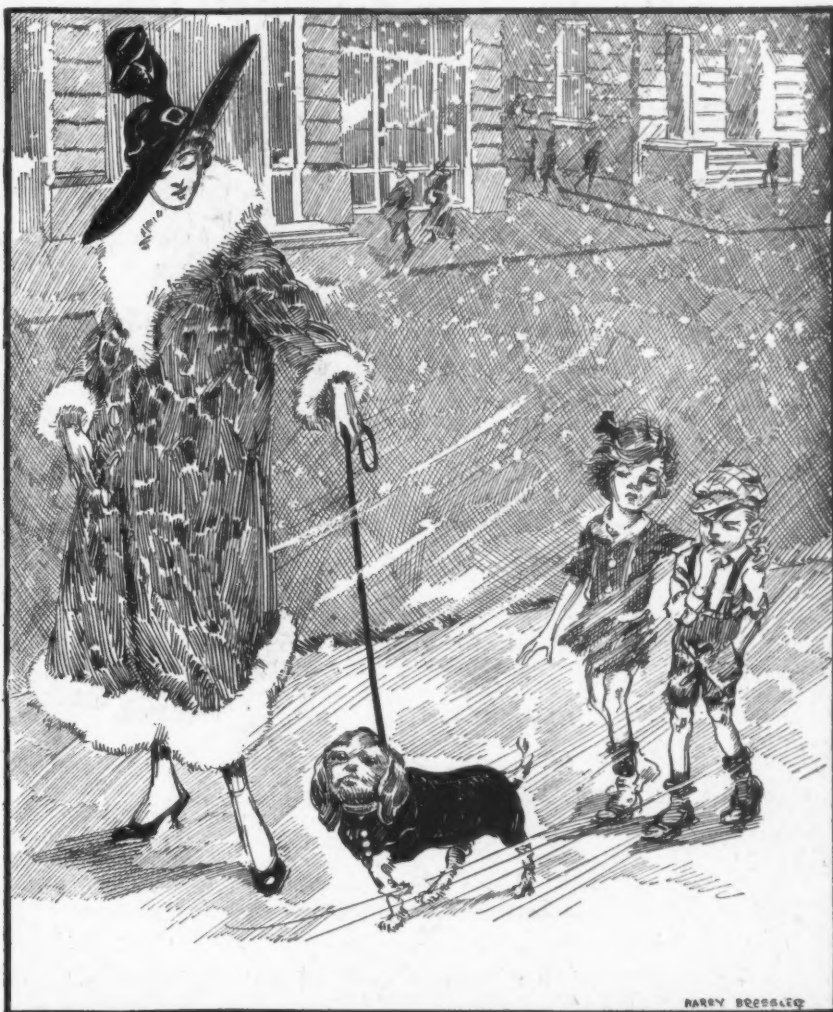
No entry will be returned unless stamps are enclosed for the purpose. Each entry should bear the name and address of the sender. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to PUCK in order to compete for these prize awards, nor is it essential that the experience be true, so long as it is funny.

Address your entry plainly  
Funny Story Editor,

PUCK

210 FIFTH AVENUE

New York



HARRY BRESSLER

— Drawn by Harry Bressler

"Gee, Mickey, dogs is lucky, having such nice warm clothes."

Ruck



— Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

## Awaiting the Spring Drive



# The Transcendental I

*Interviewed for Puck by Osiris Cob*

When I first met the Transcendental I in Philadelphia, about twenty-seven years ago, it was thundering in a Jovian manner before the glaciated and quite unmeltable countenance of the late Charles Emory Smith, at that time editor-in-chief of the *Philadelphia Press*. I really did not meet him. I only heard his wrath descend in fiery flakes on the head of that mere earthling named Smith and I saw (with what awe! being then unacquainted with the ways of fleshed gods) his cyclopean fist descend on the wooden work-table of my chief.

The Transcendental I was then, I believe, fulfilling the humble task of Civil Service Commissioner at Washington. There is an old legend that the gods come to us veiled to hide the glitter and the glory of their presence; that they take the humblest occupations to hide their designs. It is said Jove himself once took the form of a cow and that Isis once appeared as a bean-slinger in an all-night hash-house on the banks of the Nile, where Cleopatra used to loll in her triremes with Marc Antony.

Be that as it may, the Transcendental I (now of Bivalve Bay) was then a mere Civil Service Commissioner. His I was trying the flying wedge against the Gibraltar of Smith's brain. Some question of civil service reform, too deep for mere mortals, I thought at that time—and still think.

Metaphorically, the Transcendental I bit, gnashed, sawed, thundered, routed, threatened, and finally showed his teeth—not metaphorically, but literally. It was like Isis yanking off her veil, like a complete exposé of the Mysteries of Eleusis, like the Final Smile of the Grand Hierophant of the Surreptitious Secret.

Those teeth were the fangs of the Transcendental I. They clashed, crashed, sparkled. They announced "I AM, the Future is my playground, and all the texture of the visible universe is only the underclothes of my Ego."

The argument was won. Smith toppled from his pedestal, and his grave, psychologically speaking, is known unto no one even unto this day. I fell flat on the floor in worship, and from that day on, as I watched the majestic exfoliation of the Transcendental I, I have become more and more fervently convinced of the infallibility of the Prodigious Logocrat of Bivalve Bay.

To-day we know him, the whole world knows him, as the coffe of all wisdom, the seneschal of Wit, an Alhambra of literary beauties, the *ne plus ultra* of metaphysics, religion and political lore, the uncrowned pontiff of a jaunty little planet wheezing around the sun, the bouquet of Style, the eater of pleonastic platitudes. In other words, the Transcendental I is the spiritual keeper of Us, the mere maundering idiots that we call the people of America.

In all the world France alone has af-

fronted the Transcendental I, for it was the late Remy de Gourmont, with his heavy philistine wit, who asked when the Transcendental I lectured at the Sorbonne, how the miracle had been accomplished of piping so much gas from America.



— Drawn by Hess

## The Transcendental I

The Transcendental I received me warmly. He knew my admiration for his philosophical works, for the beauty of his style, for his flashing and high-bred metaphors and for his self-restraint and simplicity of gesture.

"T. I.," I asked, "how have you, with your great scholarship and varied attainments, restrained yourself from giving some of your vital opinions to the world?"

"I believe in veils," replied the T. I. "I never utter what I think. I sometimes do not even think about what I utter. I am among you to be seen and heard, but more the former than the latter. I cannot understand just why I am what I am. I have been called to say something. Have I said it? I do not know.

"I have not yet uttered my great apherism. I have not found the mystic word in which

to frame my meaning. I tried 'frazzle.' I tried 'weasel.' I tried 'pipe-dream.' I tried others. None of them seemed to strike the final note in my thought. I feel that I am to lead humanity somewhere. I need the phrase. I need the word—the key-word."

"Maybe," I suggested, "it is third-term."

The T. I.'s eyes rolled up like the heavens at the end of the cosmic ninth-inning. His teeth shone like a row of alabaster monuments. His body distended like a beggar's brain at the touch of gold. His fingers drew cabalistic arabesques in the air. Catalepsy, I thought—great heavens! What have I done?

"No," said the T. I., when he had volplaned back into consciousness again. "I have tried that phrase. It was not the slogan." He said the latter dryly, as though he were suffering from a parched dream.

"About your sense of humor," I switched, "will you tell us something about that; your sense of proportion, which is the geometries of humor; your perception of the absurd, which is the inverted square root of that common sense, which you despise."

"My sense of humor comes from a perception of my own nothingness. In the scheme of things I am of no importance. Have I not said so over and over? I utter and I utter, and I enter not in. I perceived that when quite young. Now I see the funny side of everything. I should have had a paper like Puck.

"When I feel myself becoming too serious I write humorous essays for the magazines or make a speech on Belgium. I thank whatever gods there be for my sense of humor. I will never be understood here. I belong to posterity."

"T. I., whom do you consider the greatest living thinker?"

The T. I. smiled at me diffusely, rocked his watch-charm to and fro. Silence. His very feet said *Ecce Homo!*

"T. I., whom do you consider the greatest, President this country ever had?"

The T. I. looked at me pouncingly. He pointed to a large picture on the wall. It was a picture of the Panama Canal.

"The man who ordered that built," he said, running his fingers along the silk cord that was attached to his eyeglasses as though he were fingering the Culebra Cut.

"And, T. I., the future of America—to whom does it belong?"

"To the only real patriot still in the flesh," he answered; and whether by accident or design (I prefer to believe it was an accident, or a *contretemps*) he bowed to himself in the pier mirror.

As I left the ground of the Transcendental I, I saw seventeen moving picture apparatuses being transported into the house. Further on, in the barn-yard, the chickens (over three hundred of them) were practising the Macedonian phalanx.

# Grinagrams

American definition of food: A substance for export, cold storage or condemnation by Health Board Inspectors. Something to be eaten (obsolete).

The plans for such sailings (American merchantmen to the submarine zone) amount to nothing else than most wickedly tempting God.

— *The Lokal-Anzeiger of Berlin.*

Germany's defense in the case of the Lusitania is here briefly outlined. It was an instance of divine fallibility.

The science of warfare made steady progress through thousands of years, but it remained for twentieth century civilization to saddle the warfare of science upon humanity.

There is no such thing as a good or benevolent trust within the meaning of the Sherman Law, the government contends.

— *Washington despatch.*

And just when the Steel Interests are "placing their plants at the disposal of the administration." Truly, republics are ungrateful.

All the Entente countries will be represented at an April conference to discuss "measures of economic warfare" after the conclusion of peace. Why not be off with the old war before you are on with the new? But it may be, of course, that a spirit of genuine service prompts the conference. Thousands of Europe's youth, however willing, are still too young to take part in the present strife. Economic warfare after peace is declared will give them their chance later on. Verily, a European ruler is like unto a shepherd, with his flock.

The pacifist is scorned as a person who holds "honor" lightly. Before making it unanimous, let us remember that less than a century ago the fanatic who opposed duelling was similarly regarded. Nothing was more "honorable" than the duel.

Potatoes in blockaded London sell for \$52 a ton. In this country, they fetch \$121 a ton. In the language of a hero of Lexington: "If they want war, let it begin here"—against the food speculators.

Mount Lassen of California has had its second violent eruption since the first of the year, this making 127 in all. Mount Lassen should at once be re-christened Mount Theodore.

Because they receive but eight dollars a week, and repeated rebuffs when they ask for more, English school teachers are on the

verge of a strike. English school teachers should be reasonable. If they were making shells, now, it would be different. Shells are indispensable and that industry is well paid. But a boy doesn't have to be educated in order to shoot or be shot. Keeping school teachers on the payroll at any price, with general expenses what they are, is plainly a sop to sentimentalism.

At Palm Beach, the Hawaiian bathing costume has made its appearance,—a straw skirt, beads around the neck, anklets. Nothing can keep German submarines from American waters now. What is a little thing like the three-mile limit in view of the prize at stake?

Speaking of overt acts in American history—the *New York World* has been looking them up—it is a safe guess that the members of the Ananias Club could enumerate a few.

A California Congressman has in view a bill to authorize the President, in the event of war, to convert liquor distilleries into munition plants and close the saloons.

— *Washington information.*

A plot, obviously, to lure the Hon. William Jennings Bryan into the ranks of the militarists.

Quoth President John M. Thomas of Middlebury College: "Our childhood age has gone, and we have now to fight the battles of men." The Civil War was a mere kindergarten fracas, we presume.

Owing to the need for coal conservation, Berlin has decreed a maximum temperature of 59 degrees for all houses served from a



While the Auto Rushes By

central heating plant. This will forcibly remind many an American apartment-house tenant that his own janitor is but an exponent of German "ruthlessness."

Russia and Great Britain have transmitted to Persia an ultimatum requiring Anglo-Russian control of Persian finances. The demand is based on a treaty which Persia has not yet ratified. Very likely it is a mere "scrap of paper."

"It is of no use for each of the Powers, who all live under the same God, to pray to that God for the bestowal of exclusive blessings."

— *Okuma of Japan.*

What quaint views these heathens have!

General Brancker, director of air organization for Britain, says that even physically unsound men sometimes make good pilots and cites the case of "the late Lord Lucas, who had a wooden leg." An aviator who was unhandicapped by a wooden leg when three thousand feet above the earth reminds us slightly of the chap who despite a club-foot could play the cornet flawlessly.

Edison on mountain, works in secret, says a first-page headline. Following the example of Moses, perhaps, who also did important work on a mountain.



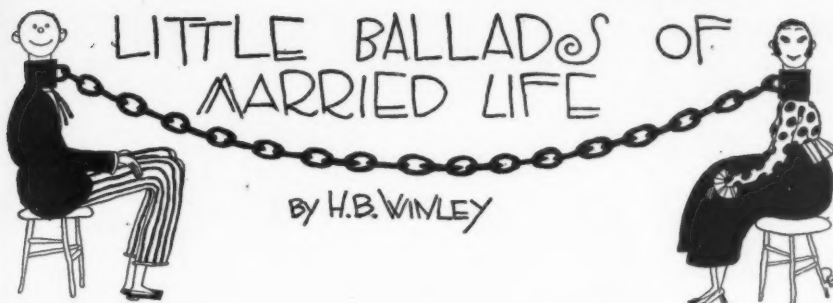
A Lesson in Civilization

— Drawn by Radou









### Guilty!

(The Husband Speaks)

Whatever goes wrong in the house  
From cellarway up to the roof,  
Don't ever find fault with your spouse  
Or slip her a gentle reproof,  
You may have been miles from the  
spot,

But the outcome is always the same,  
Your wife will inform you what's  
what,  
Be sure *You* are always to blame.

You think *You* have cause to com-  
plain

Of something or other *she's* done,  
But all of your protests are vain  
She'll show you that *you* are the  
one,

In some unexplainable way  
You're wrong—it's no use to dis-  
claim—

Whatever you do or you say  
You find *you* are always to blame.

It's useless to twist and to turn  
Or argue, the end is the same,  
A fact every husband must learn—  
Be sure *You* are always to blame.

### A Suggestion

Wives show disfavor, as a rule,  
To poker and to Kelly pool.

They look upon these sports askance  
Chiefly because such games of chance

Are very likely to reduce  
What stock of cash a man has loose

And in a flat and busted state  
To send him homeward very late.

Since wives will view the thing this  
way  
It's well to teach your wife to play

And thus combining all your skill  
Your winnings pay the grocery bill.

### Misunderstanding

She couldn't understand his deep  
devotion

His vast affection for the sporting  
page,

He thought the fashion notes were  
but a notion

Unworthy her attention to engage,  
She couldn't understand the sense or  
reason

For poker with its many thrills and  
thralls,

He couldn't see a single thing to  
please in

Her tea fights and her endless round  
of calls.

In other words, she didn't understand  
him,

Nor did he understand her, for a  
fact;

But while some foolish women would  
have canned him,

That struck her as a silly way to act,  
She simply shrugged her shoulders  
at his fancies,

And he looked on complacently at  
hers,

—They loved each other dearly, as  
it chances,

A circumstance that frequently  
occurs.

For men and women never "get" each  
other,

And married folk who puzzle one  
another

There's no especial reason they  
should try,

May none the less live happy till  
they die!

### In the Last Analysis

When the counsels all are said

When you've heard from friends  
and teachers,

When you've listened to and read

All the patriarchs and preachers,

When upon the printed page

You've perused the widely varied

Words of wisdom—"From the Sage

To the Married!"

When you've learned just how success

Is achieved in matrimony,

Then you'll find that more or less

Of your clever dope is phony;

Not by rule and recipe

Do you find the proper plan, sir;

How can one wed happily?

Love's the answer!



Ethel Plummer

The Tired Business Man



## What Our Contemporaries Are Saying

(From the Evening Slush)

Don't shoot your mother!

Many a young man has now reached the pinnacle of success because he has practiced self-denial.

Look around among your friends and see how many of them are what they are and why.

You can be the same if you will only do the necessary thing and refrain from doing the unnecessary thing.

After you have once shot your mother it will be too late, especially if you hit her in the right place. You can't get another without a great deal of difficulty.

It is upon such slight points as this that success and failure often depend.

Which will you be?

(From the Morning Squint)

We can not too strongly denounce the habit of those thoughtless members of the community who take up too much standing room in the subway. It is the duty of the public to cooperate in every way with our noble self-sacrificing public service corporations. There is a way to stand in a subway car so as to take up practically no room at all, unless one's feet are abnormally large in which case one should protect the public by using taxicabs. If proper methods are followed, the efficiency of our subway trains ought to be increased by as much as five per cent. The only possible loss would be a loss in comfort, while the increase in prosperity to the stockholders would be sure to be reflected in the most populous districts of the East Side and elsewhere.

(From the Daily Ancestor)

We have no specific fault to find with President Wilson's policies as they have eventuated thus far, but he should be a little bit more careful in the choice of his associates. It is reported, for instance, that the brother of one of the clerks in Mr. Bryan's office keeps a vicious dog. This is inexcusable. Of course it does not necessarily reflect adversely upon President Wilson, nor upon Mr. Bryan either for that matter, but with such important questions as the tolls exemption and the railroad rate increase before us for discussion, even a President can not be too cautious.

(From the Morning Skimmer)

It is all very well for Senator Earnest, of Missouri, to make a speech about railroads. We know of nobody who is more competent. In 1896, he paid a flying visit to New York and we doubt if he has ever been here since. Of course out here in the East, we are foolish enough to think that a man should know something about a subject before he talks, but that doesn't seem to bother Senator Earnest who, as everybody knows, was elected on a fluke. Senator Earnest is well-named perhaps, but that's all we can say for him.—*Ellis O. Jones*



—Drawn by Calvert Smith

The little boy who didn't like automobiles.

## The Vital Needs of Every Amateur Skater

"The amateur skater may obtain knee-pads at our skating-goods counter. By using these pads, he will avoid the bruises which frequently make skating such torture to the beginner."

—From a sporting-goods catalogue.

Conrad Crabflake adjusted his skates with care and numb fingers, and tied his handkerchief firmly over his hat and under his chin, so that when he began to skate, his hat would not leave him and do a little skating of its own.

"At last!" cried Conrad, extending his arms in a gesture of open-hearted satisfaction and gently prying his trousers from the ice, to which they had frozen while he was donning his skates, "at last, thanks to my knee-pads, I can learn to skate without bruising myself to a jelly. A marvelous invention, truly! At last I shall know the thrill of skimming across the glistening expanse of ice like a bean sliding across a tin roof! And now Ho for a dash across the frozen bosom of the lake! Two or three Ho's, in fact!"

With these cheery words, Conrad Crabflake rose gracefully to his feet and struck out bravely with his right foot. Immediately, if not sooner, his right foot shot into the air with unbridled vigor, to be followed with even greater energy by his left foot. Thus deprived of his only support, Conrad Crabflake descended upon the ice with a dull, sickening thud, bounced up and down a few times from the force of his descent, and came to rest in an emphatic seated posture.

"Alas!" quoth Conrad, in a voice weak with pain, "alas, my knee-pads were located in the wrong place that time! Strange that it should have happened so! Probably I might fall a hundred times without doing that again."

With these words Conrad struggled painfully and gingerly to his feet, and balanced himself by flapping his arms wildly in the air and bending backward and forward in a spasmodic manner.

"It might not be a bad idea," meditated Conrad, as he jerked himself hither and

yon in a feverish attempt to maintain his equilibrium, "if I should retire slowly to the shore and seek the advice of a competent skating-instructor."

No sooner said than done. Moving with extreme care, Conrad sought to turn himself about. Suddenly, however, impelled by some strange force of physics quite unknown to him, his feet slid backward precipitately, and his head shot forward with passionate speed, making a perceptible dent on the unblemished surface of the ice.

Nor did Conrad's misfortune stop here. His movements gained added momentum from his convulsive efforts to save himself, so that his head skidded along the ice, allowed his entire weight to rest for a few agonizing seconds on his nose, pushed his shoulder into an ice-hummock with great ferocity, and finally dropped him with a low crash on his chin and chest.

Groaning heavily, Conrad Crabflake rose to his knees and crawled slowly back to shore. As he removed his skates, the skaters in the vicinity were edified by the warm, sensuous flow of quaint and unusual profanity which emerged from his lips.

It was some time later when Conrad limped painfully into a sporting-goods store and dropped a pair of knee-pads on the counter. "I have decided not to take these," said he, "until you can give me head-pads, nose-pads, chin-pads, shoulder-pads, spine-pads, chest-pads, elbow-pads and a few general-utility-pads. When you can do that, I'll learn to skate. Until then I'll do my skating in overshoes."

And with a heartrending groan, Conrad Crabflake hobbled forth into the cold, gray world.

## Decided

SAPPER: They say that people who marry soon grow to look alike.

FLORA: That you must consider my refusal as final.

## The Point of View

THE PIANO MAN: How's business?

THE SCISSORS GRINDER: Fine! I've never seen things so dull.





## News In Rime

Verses By BERTON BRALEY

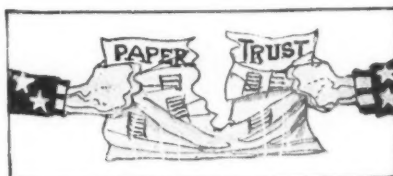
Drawings By MERLE JOHNSON

A railroad embargo  
Held many a cargo  
From braving the U-boats at sea,  
And freight-yard congestion  
Proved, sans any question,  
How bungling the railroads can be.

Perhaps if the nation  
Should try operation  
Of railways, this jam would disperse;  
There might be a graphic  
Improvement in traffic,  
It certainly couldn't be worse!

The U-boat campaigning  
Is scarcely maintaining  
The pace that it set at the start,  
Which may cause the German  
War Lord to determine  
It's time for a quick change of heart.

Von Hindenberg's scheming  
For victories teeming  
With glory for Prussia's domain;  
But one may distinguish  
That Frenchmen and English  
Are also expecting to gain.



And meanwhile Death chuckles,  
And rubs his cold knuckles  
In ghastly and terrible glee,  
"Whichever side's winning,"  
He mutters, jaw's grinning,  
"The harvest of war goes to me!"

That leak query flivvered,  
The country's delivered  
From Lawson's loud, scandalous  
tongue;  
But blackboards and tickers  
Show Wall Street still dickers,  
And suckers still flock to be stung.

The ball strike is over  
And when the shy clover  
Peeps up at the summons of spring,  
The fans will be bleaching  
On bleachers, and screeching,  
"Hey, swing on that horse hide, bo—  
Swing!"

That Cuban election  
Brought quick insurrection  
This country may yet intervene;  
We don't mind admitting  
We'd like to be flitting  
Down there to that tropical scene.

Without any checking  
The Teutons are wrecking  
Their vessels that lie in our ports  
A form of endeavor,  
Which, though it seem clever,  
Still proves they are rather poor  
sports.

It's near time for digging  
The soil and for rigging  
A nice little garden, by gosh,—  
A rose garden? No, sir!  
We'll just beat the grocer  
By raising potatoes and squash.

The threat of a sentence  
Brought grudging repentance  
To paper trust magnates, and now  
Their gouging is ended,  
They say, "We intended  
To come down in price, anyhow!"



## The Hopeless Month

**M**UD and monotony, mournful and malignant weather, and a general feeling of mental mustiness. Meditation on and morbid longings for the true ethereal mildness. Much flexing of the muscles, many mystic motions with golf clubs, and frequent massage of fishing-tackle. Mildew, mopiness and moodiness.

**A**RCTIC atmosphere, followed by acrobatic temperature-ascensions. Anguish at absence of heat in the apartment at one moment, and acute agony at over-heating a moment later. Addlepatated athletes discuss salaries, pennant aspirations, et al. Additional German atrocities abroad. Almost total absence of appetite. Arrival of California asparagus, and anticipation of April.

**R**AIN, with occasional relapses into snow. Reports of robins from the rural districts, followed by zero weather. Roguish rise and retreat of the stock-market at any and all rumors. Rueful regard of another session of Congress, and dread of the resultant rumpus. Regular Inauguration rigmarole. Leaky rubbers. Rheumatism.

**C**HILLS, coughs and colds. Contempt and loathing for the city, and acute craving for the country. Continuation of German condemnation of the Allies' aims, and constant clamor concerning their own childlike innocence. Convulsive reports from the newspaper correspondents at the baseball training camps. Guttural curses at the necessity of purchasing more coal. Customary corruption in Chicago.

**H**OARSENESS and ill-humor on the part of husbands at the imminence of Easter head-gear, to say nothing of increasing horror at the high cost of hash, hardware and homes. Happy preparations for the Harpholiday. Hearty exposure of hosiery by fashionable houris. Harassing of the Huns by the Henglish in hopeful fashion. Hailstones, half-frozen hands, hateful habitations, tottering health. Hades!

### Simple Art Rules

Here are a few signs whereby one may detect the school whereto a painter belongs:

1. If he paints the sky gray and the grass black, he pertains to the good old classical school;
2. If he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he is a realist;
3. If he paints the sky green and the grass blue, he is an impressionist;
4. If he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple, he is a colorist;
5. If he paints the sky black and the grass red, he shows the possession of great decorative talent;
6. If he paints the sky in cubes, and the grass in ellipses, with vague resemblance to golf-bags, he is a futurist.



— Drawn by Radou

### Afterward

The lilacs will bloom on the Marne  
and the Aisne

In the spring:

The poppies will nod to the sun and  
the rain

And the red-shouldered black-  
birds will sing.

Ever the lilacs and blackbirds come  
back;

But what of the soldiers who died,  
alack!

The world will rejoice at the coming  
of Peace

(Haste the day!);

The tumult and horror and slaughter  
will cease

And the shadows will vanish away;

For the skies are the brightest when  
storms have fled—

But what of the women whose men  
are dead?

—K. L. R.

### His Double Miss

Sparks was talking to Perkins of the latter's recent move to a suburb, and, during the course of his remarks, put the following inquiry:

"Sparks, now that you're living in the country, don't you miss the early morning noise and bustle of the city?"

"Yes," said Sparks, "if I miss the 6:55 train."

### The Deserving Poor

THE SKINFLINT: No, sir; I respond only to the appeals of the deserving poor.

THE SOLICITOR: And who are the deserving poor?

THE SKINFLINT: Those who never ask for assistance.

### All For Him

"Your fiancée appears to have a will of her own."

"True. At times I regret that I am sole beneficiary."

BLACK: Did he ask for special burial robes before he died?

WHITE: Yes, he wanted them made out of asbestos.

# The Funniest Thing That Ever Happened to Me

## Tea and Politics

The City Editor finding himself short of a man and recalling at the last moment that the Republican District and County Committees were to hold an important meeting that night at the headquarters of the County Chairman, called to me as I was leaving the office and told me to cover the meeting.

"I can't; I don't know a thing about politics," I protested.

"But you know something about your job, don't you?" demanded he.

"Surest thing you know," said I.

"All right; if you want to keep that job see that you have that stuff in here by nine to-morrow morning—and make it a column. This is the leading Republican paper of the city, and if we fall down on that meeting we might as well close up shop. Get the dope, that's all."

"When I reached the Republican clubhouse I found the County Chairman, known to all of his constituents as just plain "Jake," in the midst of the meeting and much peeved, because the "leading Republican paper" had sent a woman reporter to cover it. Instead of showing me to a seat at the reporters' table he turned me over to the club Wag; a man who led me away from the madding crowd and up to the top of the clubhouse, where there was a private room all cozy with velvet carpets, rich hangings and comfy-looking cabinets scattered about. There the Wag asked me to be seated. He began to talk about everything, but the thing I had come to discuss—the meeting of the County Committee. Every time I opened up on that he led me away from it with the air of a man who would say: "Great Ceasar's ghost! who wished this on me?"

We were seated facing each other at a nice round table and in a moment of wondering how I could get the information I wanted, I noticed that it was covered with soft green felt. "How cute—and how perfectly the shade matches the hangings!" cried I, to the Wag; "what do you use it for?"

You should have seen the enthusiasm of the Wag. "This is our tea table," said he; "we serve tea here every evening—and just wait until I show you our invitation checks—the boys think them so pretty they hate to give them up."

The invitation checks were pretty—red, blue and white, and just about the size of a twenty-five cent piece. I wanted one of each color for souvenirs, but the Wag said no, there were just enough tea checks to go around and he couldn't spare them. Then he showed me the inside of the comfy-looking cabinets and said that the cut glass bottles were for such cream and cold tea as were left over from the evening tea parties.

Most of the bottles were filled; and the Wag said, yes, the boys expected the meeting would be late that night and so they were going to content themselves with cold tea with just a little lemon in it—they expected, in fact, to get away with a lot of it. When I asked the Wag who came to the evening tea parties he gave himself up to the heartiest laughter and sang out the names of some of the leading Republicans in town—men known everywhere in politics, civic government, church circles, and in society. Unseen by the Wag—for I wanted to keep my job and had to have a story to do it—I jotted down the names as he reeled them off and had them safely in my bag when I left the clubhouse.

I never found out what happened at the joint meeting of the District and County Committees. The City Editor was in conference with the Managing Editor and it was the Desk Man—a born and bred Democrat and a District Captain in that same Assembly District where the Republican County Chairman was District Leader—who got hold of my story. The City Editor never saw it until it blazed at him from the front page. Then he took three days off to recover. It was all there—the green-table, the tea checks, the nightly tea parties and the names of the leading Republicans who came to take tea, together with a full description of the lovely cut glass tea bottles and how much cold tea the boys had expected to drink after the meeting of the County Committee.

No, I didn't lose my job. The City Editor said I was such a prize fool that they wanted me for show purposes, and I staid on although the leading Democratic paper declared me a coming humorist and in ordering several stories from me, offered me a better job.

—K. D., Woodhaven, L. I.



Voice of Movie Director: "Hi there, you idiot, register joy!"

## He Stopped Crying

It was a regular "sardine-packed-in-the-box" crowd through which we were struggling, attempting to finish a little belated Christmas shopping. Time was flying, Boy was fretful, I was nervous.

To make matters worse a "human fly" had chosen this inopportune moment to scale the side of an adjacent building. The crowd, after the manner of crowds the world over surged and pulsed and craned its neck, careless of whose toes it was trampling.

Husband's face disappeared to the left and Boy's hand was jerked violently from my own. By a tremendous effort I managed to grasp it again, sight unseen, with all the strength of five determined fingers.

There was a responding protest more or less muffled but sadly lacking the Christmas eve spirit. I jerked him toward me with a force that would have upset him had anything but an upright position been possible.

Boy pulled and pulled at my hand in a frantic effort to escape—a tall man in front bent backward, breaking the feather on my hat and jamming me into an uncomfortable position. Boy whined and tugged and whimpered. At length in exasperation I let go of his hand long enough to—slap him!

In a moment I regretted it, not through tender heartedness — I considered he deserved it—but on account of the resulting outcry. It was horrible! I never knew him to make such a terrible racket!

Tucked under my other arm was a gift box of expensive chocolates, one of my purchases. Hastily I tore it open and feeling for Boy's mouth, jammed it in. There was silence.

The tension in the crowd lessened before the bonbons were quite exhausted. Seeing a crevice in the humanity ahead I leaped forward. Across the crowd in a sort of backwater I caught sight of my husband's face.

But my joyful surge toward him stopped abruptly, the ground beneath me rocketing. For hanging to his father's hand Boy waved to me with his free one.

Slowly, fascinatedly I turned my eyes downward. Clinging now to my hand, contented, chocolate besmeared—slapped—was a little curly headed negro boy.

H. M., San Jose, Cal.

## Dangerous

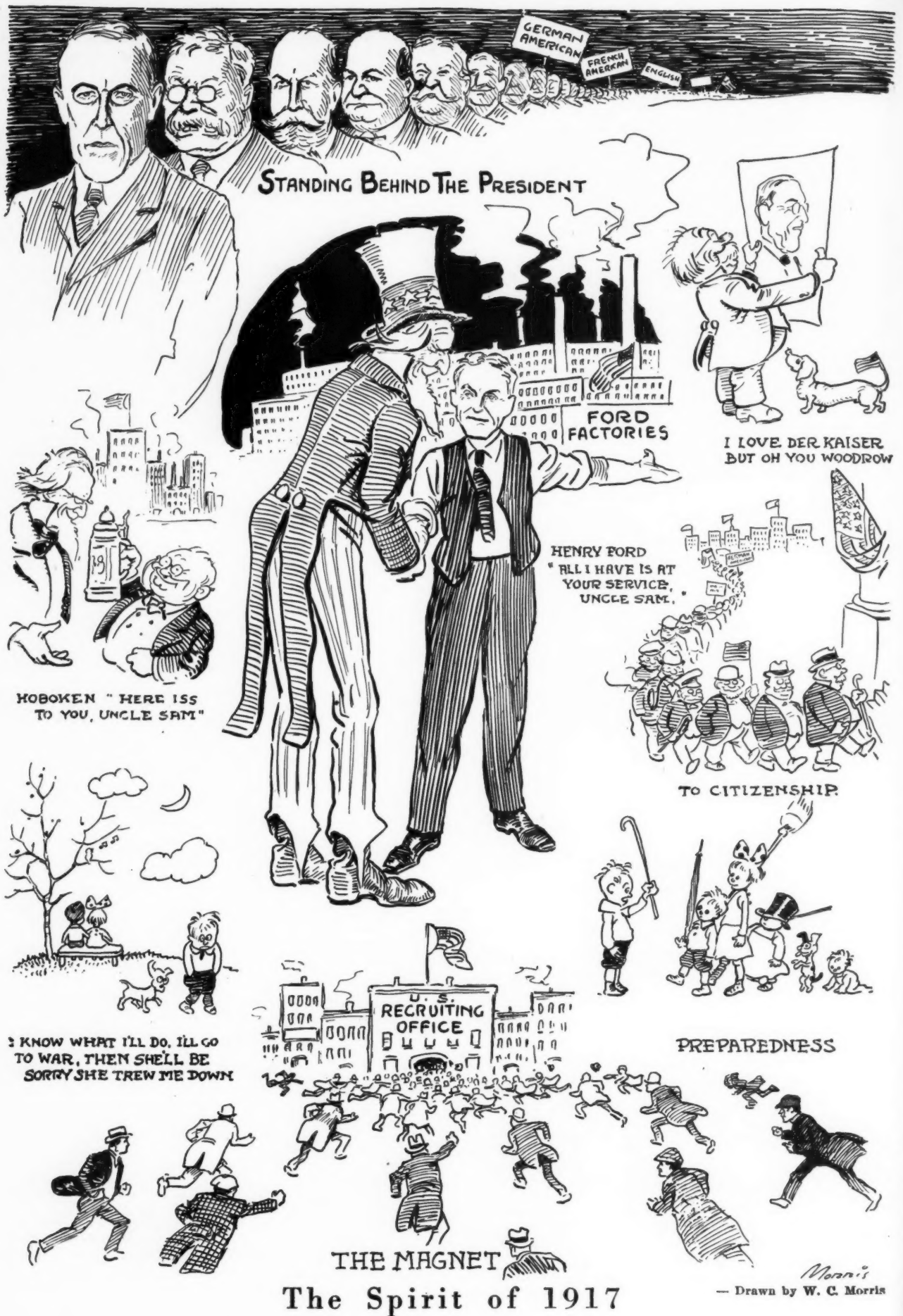
FRIEND—So you allowed that conductor on one of your own cars to jostle and talk back to you all he pleased! Why didn't you tell him who you were? That would have settled him.

PRESIDENT OF TRACTION COMPANY—Yes; and it would have settled me. He might have told the other passengers.

## Too Strenuous

FRIEND—You are not going to run again? CONGRESSMAN—No; it's too strenuous. I was sent down to Washington to look out for my constituents and from the tone of their letters I've got to look out for them when I get home.









## PLAYS & PLAYERS BY ALAN DALE

Mr. Granville Barker, like a good many other well-appointed people, has taken the wrong measure of U. S. A. in the extraordinary affair at the Little Theatre, entitled "The Morris Dance." That Mr. Barker, in a casual study of the American stage, should have erred, is not strange. That the result of that casual study should have been selected for production by such an artistic manager as Mr. Winthrop Ames, however, is almost uncanny. It gives one the cold shivers to see such a thing as "The Morris Dance" at Mr. Ames' beautifully conducted playhouse where you can find coffee, free of charge (and in these dismal times too!) served in the Tea room at every performance.

Really one needs something much more potent than coffee, in the case of "The Morris Dance." In fact, chloroform would not be at all incongruous. The play which is billed as "an outrageous farce" is all that, and more. Based on "The Wrong Box" by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, it has assuredly found the wrong theatre, for it is crude, amateurish, and ill-conceived. Mr. Granville Barker may perhaps be pardoned for his assumption that American audiences will always laugh at profanity. I admit that there is much ground for that assumption. Whenever the average playwright needs a laugh and is not adroit enough to produce one legitimately, he resorts to the profane interjection.

Mr. Barker must have noticed that fact. He *should* have observed that in our polite playhouses—such as the Little Theatre, for instance—we are not inclined to tolerate profanity. The "cuss" word is popular merely

with the "low-brow." "The Morris Dance" is full of it. It reeks with it, and the effect in the lovely Little Theatre is rather deplorable. Probably you know the story of the play. It is boisterously and disagreeably preposterous even for vaudeville. Mr. Barker actually introduces one of those "conversations" between a man in the audience and another on the stage, that we have long ago relegated to the past. Everything he could possibly do to amaze his audience, the wrong way, he did. Yet in spite of all, such actors as John L. Shine, and Herbert Yost, managed to amerge from the *debris*.

Mr. Granville Barker must re-adjust his "impressions" of America. We are not barbarians—all suggestions to the contrary notwithstanding. I cannot imagine "The Morris Dance" played before a London audience. Surely we have outlived plays of that ilk.

I don't say that the unusual is always welcome. That would be a very sweeping statement. Sometimes we like to nestle in our little groove. It seems warm and cozy, and our cunning little habits need not be routed. But there are times when the unusual has its appeal, and we are glad to meet it, as a delightful relief. The production of Gilbert K. Chesterton's only play "Magic" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre was one of those times! Here at least, we were not forced to check our intelligence at the box office; we had ideas that counted, dialogue that meant something, and conventions that were disregarded.

"Magic" dealt with what Mr. Chesterton

calls the "supernatural" and what more experienced psychical researchers prefer to allude to as the "supernormal." The central character was a psychic, who deplored his own powers, because the world persists in misunderstanding them. To render himself "respectable" in the eyes of the aforesaid world, he allowed himself to be known as a conjurer. A conjurer is possible; a psychic is just as superstition. In the play, we saw pictures move, chairs advance without visible cause, and lights change color. The psychic knew—what he knew, but he was impelled to explain it all by trickery. The mob adores that explanation, and the mob will tolerate no other.

When this psychic turns and rends a minister of the Gospel who refuses to believe in modern miracles, Chesterton is at his best. To be sure, all his arguments have been used before by men of psychic research, but rarely have they been put as aggressively and as luminously. Why should the minister rebel at these modern miracles when his very "cloth" depends upon his acceptance of those with which the Scriptures are filled? Then there is the "fresh" youth whose mind becomes unbalanced as he contemplates these strange events. He is restored to reason only by the assertion that they are all due to the conjurer's art. Do you see Chesterton's point? It is a fine and a cynical point, urged with sincerity and brilliancy. Of course "Magic" has no popular "appeal." Many in the audience at Maxine Elliott's Theatre yawned, and wondered what it all meant. Therefore I say that Mrs. Hapgood who produced this clever and unusual little play, deserves our

(Continued to page 24)



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WEEK ENDING MARCH 10, 1917

### Hungry Ducks and Hungry Humans

PAPERS which "deplore" the trend toward Socialism should be careful of their headlines and mindful of the manner in which they are grouped. There is much that is lasting in mental suggestion, and a train of thought, once started, frequently travels to the end of the route.

A New York daily, of high moral character, recently printed two striking news stories in the same column of the first page. The first was headed: "Brooklyn Women in Riots for Food Wreck Pushcarts. Policemen didn't have the heart to arrest 1,000 hungry participants." Over the second, just below the first, this headline appeared: "Acres of Hungry Ducks Fed by New York State. Game protector seeks to save canvasbacks cut off from food." Either of these news stories, taken by itself, might or might not get more than passing notice; taken together, they strike home.

Frankly, we don't know what is to be done about it—just now. All one can do is to gather together a few of the more obvious deductions. First, perhaps, is the plain fact that it is better to be a hungry duck in New York state than a hungry human. The state may feed the duck, openly and without fear of censure, because feeding ducks when they are in danger of starving is plainly an instance of "conserving wild life," while on the other hand, for the state to feed humans when the pangs of hunger torture them would be "seriously to hamper their individual initiative."

Another surface thought which the union of the headlines induces is that any creature which is good to eat, and which a period of hard times might render extinct, may be cared for at public expense, even during an ultra-conservative administration of a state's affairs.

The State has severe punishments for those who prey upon wild life, be it in the shape of ducks or deer. A mother deer with her young child has a friend in the State upon whom she may rely; and so, we are convinced, has a mother duck. These advantages ducks and deer may enjoy to the full without risk to their "individual initiative!" It is all part of conservation; the saving of something which the State deems worth while. Those who prey upon human life, however, are more or less free to operate, provided their enterprises are "within the law." Speculation, for example, while it would never be permitted to work hardship upon ducks or deer, frequently causes distressing shortages in the food supply of humans even more helpless. A canvasback duck and her hungry brood would never be obliged to wreck a push-cart in efforts to appease their hunger;—a paternal state would see to that.

So much for headlines and mental suggestion.

### The Shame of America

WHAT shall be said of an American president who, when Europe is torn with strife and the cause of liberty is at stake, calmly decrees that "the duty and interests of the United States" require neutrality, and declares "the disposition of the United States to observe this neutrality?"

Can pacifism sink to baser levels? Can national shame and humiliation find lower depths? And who authorized any one man, even a president, to make such a decision for the American people? In the words of a statesman of worldwide reputation: "The proclamation was in truth a most unfortunate error. It wounds the popular feelings by a seeming indifference to the cause of liberty. And it seems to violate the form and spirit of the Constitution by making the executive magistrate the organ of the 'disposition,' 'the duty' and 'the interest' of the nation in relation to war and peace—subjects appropriated to other departments of the Government."

Woodrow Wilson? No; George Washington. And the Statesman above quoted?—Thomas Jefferson. The occasion was the war between Great Britain and France in 1793, and with Washington rested the question of America's participation in that war. With the facts of French assistance at Yorktown still fresh in his mind, Washington's decision was—neutrality, keep out.

How fortunate for George Washington that Theodore Roosevelt was not to be born for sixty-five years!

### Why the Chinese System Wouldn't Work

IN China, as is well known, the family physician receives a comprehensive and commodious salary from his clients for that period of time during which they enjoy good health. As soon as one of them falls ill, however, he ceases to pay the physician with great abruptness; and this condition obtains until he has been cured, whereupon he again begins to reimburse the worthy pill-dispenser.

It is, perhaps, just as well that this custom has never obtained a footing in America. As it is, a physician frequently labors for weeks in order to convince a patient that he is really ill; but the patient, loth to pay the doctor's bills and eager to go on with his work, refuses to admit that his health isn't all that it should be, and usually recovers out of general cussedness.

If the Chinese system were in vogue, many American business men, in order to escape paying their doctors, would claim to be in wretched health most of the time. The result would be inevitable. The suggestion would actually undermine their systems; and our national efficiency would be lowered. Life is more complex here than it is in China.





— Drawn by C. R. Macauley

# The World Aflame

12/16



By Benjamin De Casseres

## Conscientiousness

Conscientiousness is a perverse sense of honor. It is a state wherein we are in complete agreement with ourselves. So complete is this union of self with the idea of duty that we become very miserable unless we restore the balance by occasional double dealing and trickery.

A state of total conscientiousness throughout life in regard to our every act would be a state of total petrification. We are kept human by our lapses, not by our probity. Complete physical efficiency establishes a balance; and a continual balance is a continual death.

Besides, a hopeless conscientiousness leads to paranoia. To illustrate. We knew of a man, an old and trusted bookkeeper in a bank, who was a penny short in his yearly balance of the books. He went over the accounts so often, trying to get on the trail of that cent that they finally took him to an insane asylum, where he consumed reams of paper in calculations. And when he died and went before the Judgment Seat he saw seated on the tribune a Being who, as he entered the place, thundered at him, "Have you discovered yet where that cent went to and where you made the mistake?" As the Conscientious Man could not answer he was cast into the counting room of his Satanic Majesty, where he spent the rest of his eternity counting the pennies that fell forever through space into his hands.

However, to be conscientious is human; but to be careless is divine.

## The Philistine's Cyclopedia

- POE.—A drunkard.  
 ART.—A magazine cover.  
 SHELLEY.—An atheist.  
 BEAUTIFUL.—Whatever lacks prettiness.  
 STRINDBERG.—A maniac.  
 VILLON.—A burglar.  
 THOUGHT.—An uncomfortable sensation in the head.  
 SOCRATES.—A bad old man.  
 EPICUREAN.—An unchurchly person.  
 D'ANNUNZIO.—Duse's lover.  
 IBSEN.—A disease.  
 LOVE.—An emotion that is not free.  
 WAGNER.—Noise.  
 IMAGINATION.—A branch of Original Sin.  
 PORTKY.—The insane maunderings of degenerates.  
 LITERATURE.—A best seller.

## Apocalypse: 1914

A great hole opened in my brain, weighed down with the double darkness of night and sleep.

It expanded to the utter circumference of that mysterious realm of the soul where thought and feeling, those anecdotes of the past, fall through the ether of consciousness into oblivion.

That hole, depthless in its infinitude, of a blackness so great that compared to it all the nights of the planets would have been brilliant suns, demanded of me an answer.

And why am I gay, O Pierrot? And why do I walk on skulls and break bread with Brahma in the purple pleasure-halls of Nirvana?

Because that hole that opened in my brain, weighted down with the double darkness of night and sleep, was the grave of all the wisdom of the worlds and its blackness the vapor that was the souls of those who peopled the stars.

## The Suppressed "Movie"

### FIRST REEL

Scene is laid in a pigstye Somewhere in the United States.

Meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Things.

Dramatis Personae: A fishmonger, a vender of skunk cabbage buds, a drainman, a bald-headed Lilith and a gravedigger.

The pigstye is set for an important meeting. The slops are neatly arranged in piles to be used as seats. The trees roundabout are decorated with snouts—



(As this was only to be the bare outline of a "movie," a sleuth from the Board of Censors, who was looking over my shoulder, stopped me right here).

## Cut Glass and Cactus Leaves

Give up every illusion—mystery and folly are still left, and they are enough.

The first rationalist was Cain because he acted on impulse; the first fantastic was Thales because he tried to prove something.

What we call genius on earth is among the gods only their working common sense.

Remorse is the art of sticking a diamond in your wound and keeping it there.

Heaven is a place where the Lord pays the bills.

If we could only die with a crown of thorns instead of a fool's cap!

A metaphysician is an elephant who tries to walk on the ceiling of an atom.

Purpose is the Memory that sees ahead.

Last year's sweetheart was Fate; next year's sweetheart is Destiny; this year's is Mere Millinery.

All souls are divided into three classes—those made of ether, those made of mere breath, and those made of mucilage.

## Wisdomics

A mystic has no secrets: he is merely secretive.

All judgment of whatsoever kind is error. One thing cannot pass on another thing.

Suffering makes us clairvoyant; happiness is a purple eye-band.

Disappointment is the retribution of those who aim too low. If we aim high enough and miss we will spike our guns and learn to grow. Grow up to your aim; don't shoot at it.

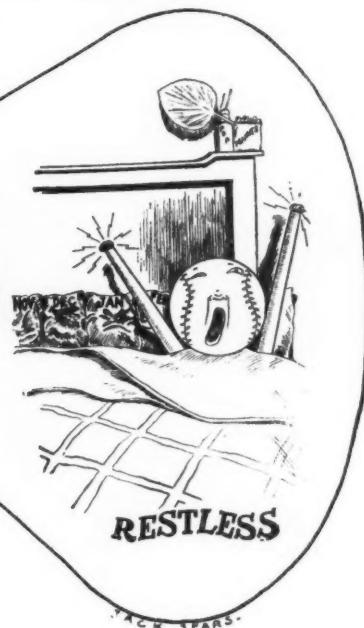
Sorrow is the mystery-reader.

A cynicism is a truth that has not yet been able to buy Sunday clothes.

One can get all that one wants in life if he can learn to do without the things he can get.

We suffer from a phase of retrospective and retroactive imagination; we call it remorse.

What appear to be contradictions are the illusions of angular vision.





## Teeth

### What They Are and Why

Teeth are large, potential aches entirely surrounded by natural enamel. In the old days, before the invention of pliers, monkey-wrenches and similar weapons, the human race used its teeth for such severe operations as breaking nuts, removing the caps on bottles, and pruning hawthorn hedges. Anybody who hit a prehistoric man on the mouth with a club was sure to scar the club severely on his victim's teeth; but the teeth seldom suffered to any noticeable extent. Soon, however, soft foods like griddle-cakes and oysters were introduced to civilization, and teeth began to lose their early solidity with great vigor and freedom. At the present day the average human tooth is as frail as a piece of rare china in the hands of a three-dollar-a-week maid.

So far as is known, the human tooth can hold more ache to the square inch than any other section of the body. It can also hold it with a tenacity of purpose and a disregard for time that makes the fabled tenacity of the bulldog seem like nothing but a passing whim. Other aches have a habit of knocking off work after a hard day's toil, and going elsewhere while the estwhile sufferer rests up for the ache's return. But toothache is not affiliated with any union; and the thought of a twenty-four hour day has no terrors for it. It can indulge in ninety-six consecutive hours of ground and lofty aching without evincing any signs of weariness or boredom, and then start right out on another stretch of aching as joyously and energetically as though it were passionately in love with its work.

The process of repairing, renovating and reconstructing an antique tooth is nearly as expensive as remodelling an old farm-house; but farm-house remodelling is usually more satisfactory than tooth-remodelling owing to the fact that when the farm-house is finished, it has a nice pergola outside of it to advertise the fact, and the heating system usually works for a couple of years before breaking down; whereas the tooth looks almost as badly as it ever did, and frequently feels worse.

If any other section of the body were as persistent in giving trouble as are the teeth, it would be removed with great speed and fluency. It seems reasonable to suppose that somebody will ultimately find a way to do away with teeth.

—K. L. R.

### The Doctor's Labors

**PATIENT:** "What do you think of a warm climate for me?"

**PHYSICIAN:** "That's precisely what I am trying to guard you against."

### Deficit

"Define the word 'deficit.'"

"A deficit is what you've got when you haven't as much as if you had just nothing."

## The Young Lady Across the Way

By Harry J. Westerman



The young lady across the way says you hear so much against the private character of people on the stage that she was glad to see in the paper that one of the famous violinists is a great virtuoso.

### Wasted Eggs

The health authorities in Seattle a few days ago released from quarantine four thousand cases of eggs which have been en route from Shanghai to this country ever since August, 1914.

The eggs, according to the Seattle newspaper correspondent who sends out the information, will be used in tanning leather.

If this is true, aren't the great possibilities

of these eggs being overlooked? Of course, the eggs are presumably very valuable for tanning purposes; for any piece of leather that got a good smell of one of the eggs would probably turn dark green in color and shrink far back into itself, thus becoming expensive dark green morocco at very small cost.

But isn't it also true that the eggs would have been highly valuable in other lines of endeavor?

## Diary of a Young Father

March 1. I have decided to keep a record of what my baby says and does. When I told this to Spoofer, the old bach swore at me and said something which sounded like "Prunes!" But I forgive Spoofer. His business is book reviewing and he has developed an uncontrollable temper in the practice of his vocation. I forgive everybody. This includes even the Broadway managers who keep my plays for interminable periods in their archives and return them without comment when I protest. I feel like a Grecian dancer interpreting a theme with the dawn, green grass and warbling birds in it, kind of hilariously daffy. This morning little Amy seized my hand in her pudgy, dimpled fist and laughed up at me. I think I could forgive Nero for that wretched violin solo he rendered while Rome burned. Amy, I insist, is utterly unlike other babies four months old. She has *intelligence*. I always have the feeling that she wants to say something. Her eyes just glitter with *meaning*. All other babies I ever recall seeing at friends' houses were most uninteresting. I never could understand what their parents raved about. Maybe Spoofer is confusing my Amy with all those bawling mediocrities. Poor fish!

March 4. Mirabile dictu and semper femina—Amy spoke! Of course to an untrained ear like Spoofer's it sounded like the meaningless gurgle of any other infant. But my wife and I are sure it was some word the child tried to utter. Spoofer turned up his nose at it as if it were another novel by Robert W. Chambers. He was utterly *unimpressed*. He gave the baby a gift to-day with the grand manner of one throwing pearls. It is a kind of celluloid contraption consisting of three balls with dried peas in them and it rattles like mischief every time Amy strikes it. The little dear evidently understands that he is a doubting Thomas when it comes to her merits. Whenever he attempted to say anything clever to-day (he is always thinking of clever things to say—that's what gives him that hunted look) Amy rattled her toy violently. It made Spoofer sore, I think. He must have been hoping that some day she would write a book for him to review. At any rate he said something equivocal.

"Your Amy," he murmured, cocking his head to one side as he regaded my wife and me with the immobility of a stuffed owl, "is already showing some decidedly feminine traits. She is jealous of competition."

"I agree with you about the feminine traits," retorted my wife, "but your specific diagnosis is wrong. It isn't jealousy she is showing. It's *discrimination*."

That rattled Spoofer, I know, because he took out his glasses, wiped them violently with his coat sleeve and began rubbing his ear with them.

—Elias Lieberman

## Even With The World

Carson, who is nearly always broke, was encountered the other day by an old acquaintance who asked:

"Well, Carson, how go your affairs nowadays?"

"Oh," said Carson, carelessly, "I figure that I am about even with the world."

"Good! How did you manage to attain that satisfactory status?"

"Well, I now owe about as many people as I don't owe."

## Cynical

After a heated argument with her husband, during which he had used some spirited language, Mrs. Muggins was reduced to tears, angry tears.

"I vow," she declaimed, "I shall never speak to you again."

"Now, isn't that just like a woman?" returned Muggins, with a grin. "If you can't get your way in any other way you resort to bribery."

## What He Feared

THE HEIRESS—My clothes are to be the most expensive of any bride's of recent years.

THE DUKE (her fiance) — I hope you won't advertise that fact, my dear.

THE HEIRESS—Why not?

THE DUKE—My creditors might get out an injunction against your dress-makers.

## Ocular Wisdom

"How do you know that he is a great oculist?"

"Because he can tell you that your eyes are all right, and still persuade you that you ought to buy a pair of expensive spectacles from his favorite opticians."

Why bother with additional forts for New York harbor? Why not instead a well-drilled chorus of mixed voices?

## New Yorkers: Familiar Types The Rialto

Enter the actor. (*A flourish of trumpets heard.*)

Enter the Actor. (*Place that spotlight, please!*)

Enter THE ACTOR. Ah! 'twas he who stirred

Responsive heartstrings in "A Rind of Cheese"—

Splitting a hundred gross of gloves . . . Yes, he's

The biggest salaried player on Broadway.

Shubert would star him if he said the word.

Ames has just begged him on his bended knees

To sign a three-years' contract in a play

Written by Shaw and Jimmy Barrie. Say!

If he'd accept he'd give 'em all heart disease . . .

Take it from me—farce-comedy's the thing.

Problems are punk, domestic drama's dead.

Ibsen, Pinero, Gilbert? Ting-a-ling! Their curtain rang down long ago.

Instead,

Cohan is come. There's action first and last

When Cohan comes. Yes, tragedy is gone.

Shakespeare spells frost, and I don't like to fast . . .

What's that he says? He wants me to move on?

William Trowbridge Larned.



NELL WITTERS + P.F.

"She's such an eccentric artist. Just look at the way she dresses."

# The Tale of the Shelter, the Clothing, the Food and the Man with \$50.

By Ralph Barton



Scene I—A Top-Floor Apartment, Uptown

The Janitor: Hey! De rent is raised on account o' tha war, ag'in.

Our Hero: I have only \$50. I can't pay it.

The Janitor: Well, they's plenty a more boobs as still b'lieves it's de war wot's forcin' prices up as will pay it, so you beat it!



Scene II—In a Department Store

Our Hero: I find myself obliged to live in the parks and would like to buy a cheap overcoat. Please direct me to that department.

The Floorwalker: Sirrah! I recognize at sight the members of the households of our foremost millionaires. You are not one of them. Begone!



Scene III—In a Delicatessen Store

Our Hero: I have just \$50. What will that buy?

The Clerk: Well, how does a nice, thick slice of a green pea suit you?



Scene IV—In a Drug Store

Our Hero: Give me some hydrocyanic acid.

The Clerk: How much?

Our Hero: Enough to launch me into eternity.

The Clerk: Ah, a teaspoonful. That will be \$51.10, please.



# If Men Did Things as Women Do

By Kenneth L. Roberts

## Shopping For Cigars

*The Characters:* CHARLES, a bond salesman; JOHN, a lawyer; HERBERT, a stockbroker; and the CLERK at the cigar counter.

*The Place:* The interior of a department store.

### SCENE I

(HERBERT is discovered standing just inside the revolving doors of the department store, in such a position that practically everyone who enters hurriedly either steps on his feet or pushes an elbow into his ribs. He is clad in a panne velvet derby with a monkey-trimmed brim, a flaring vicuna ulster with a broad military collar, beneath which his purple messaline trousers peep forth coquettishly, and high gray kid shoes. After a seven-minute wait, during which at least forty-seven persons collide violently with HERBERT, CHARLES enters breathlessly with his mauve satin golf cap pushed over his left ear.)

CHARLES (in evident agitation): My dear Herbert! Such atrocious crowds on the street cars! I had to stand up all the way coming in! I hope I'm not late!

HERBERT (sweetly): Not at all, my dear Charles! Only fifteen minutes! It's nothing. So darling of you to come shopping with me, dear!

CHARLES: Don't be silly, Herbert, old thing! You know I love to shop! It's one of the few ways in which one can express one's self, don't you know. Where's John? I thought he was going to help you shop, too.

HERBERT (glaring ferociously at a man who has jostled him in passing): He was. I don't know where he is, really! John is never on time, my dear! He has absolutely no consideration for the feelings of others!

CHARLES: Oh, my dear! As if I didn't know it! Nobody knows how much I have suffered with John! And do you know, my dear, I heard only yesterday that John smells of cloves at all hours of the day!

HERBERT: How wretchedly thrilling!

(CHARLES and HERBERT damage JOHN's reputation for ten more minutes. At the end of that time JOHN rustles through the revolving doors, surrounded by an aura of perfumery, and carrying his prize Pom under his arm. He is garbed in a braided straw fedora ornamented with jet cockades and jet dangles, a barrel-shaped coat of black satin with a band of otter at the bottom and dashes of chinchilla on the collar, revers and cuffs, and trousers of mousseline over a black liberty satin foundation.)

JOHN: Hello, boys. So sorry to be late; but a brute of a conductor on the train tried to make me take Muffins into the baggage car. I had to wait for him after the train got in, and punch his jaw. I'm simply exhausted!

HERBERT (compassionately): You poor thing! You must be a wreck! Our nerves are frightfully upset, too. Everybody that comes through the door bumps right into us in the most outrageous manner! Let's get a hot chocolate and rest up before we begin to shop.

(The suggestion is received with murmurs of appreciation from JOHN and CHARLES. They repair to the soda fountain and load up with hot chocolate.)

### SCENE 2

(HERBERT, supported on one side by JOHN and on the other side by CHARLES, is interviewing the CLERK at the cigar counter.)

HERBERT (drawing a cigar from his vest pocket): Can you match this cigar for me?

CLERK (holding the cigar up to the light and examining it carefully): Do you want it matched in both shape and color?

HERBERT: Well, you might show me what you have in cigars of that color, but of different shape. The color suits my complexion exactly; but it is barely possible that a shorter cigar would be more in harmony with my nose.

CLERK (after scattering the contents of thirty-seven boxes on the counter without finding anything that meets with HERBERT's approval): Try this cigar, sir. It is one of the most fashionable shapes. Our buyer picked it up in London on his last trip.

(Herbert places the cigar in his mouth, adjusts his hat, straightens his coat, stands before a mirror and turns slowly from side to side, while CHARLES, JOHN and the CLERK examine him attentively.)

CHARLES: It looks very distinguished, dear.

CLERK: A very natty article.

JOHN: I think it is a trifle darker than your sample, Herbert; and your eyes are

(Continued to page 26)



The Modern Viewpoint

— Drawn by C. W. Anderson

"But, my dear, that gown shows your figure almost as plainly as if you had nothing on."  
"Well, there's nothing the matter with my figure, is there."

## A Deserved Sentence

By Kenneth L. Roberts

The night was dark and stormy. The stranger, muffled in a great-coat, paused in the shelter of a high brick wall to take his cough-medicine, which he had promised his wife he wouldn't forget.

Suddenly he stood motionless, with the bottle half-way to his lips. From the other side of the stone wall came a deep, dark-brown voice. "Gentlemen," said the voice, "you have heard the testimony against the accused. What is your verdict?"

"Guilty!" replied another ominous voice, dark blue in color.

"Of course," declared the dark brown voice. "Prisoner, have you anything to say for yourself before sentence is pronounced?"

Presently a hoarse, halting voice came to the stranger, who still held his bottle of cough-medicine poised before his lips. "Your honor," said the voice, "I didn't notice that there were any women around, and I didn't think that they'd mind. Besides, it was a swell cigar. It cost ten cents!"

The speaker was interrupted by an exclamation of disgust. "Enough!" cried the dark brown voice. "You deserve no mercy from this court. I sentence you to be smoked to a crisp with the other hams!"

At these cruel words the stranger thrust his cough medicine back into his pocket and leaped over the brick wall. He found himself surrounded by fourteen men.

"Stop!" cried the stranger. "I am ignorant of your object; but this hellish farce must cease! Who are you, to condemn any man to such a horrible fate; and who is your poor dupe, who submits so tamely to your sentence? Speak! I am the District Attorney!"

The man with the dark brown voice drew himself up proudly. "I care not who you are, sir," said he, "but our prisoner must and shall answer for his crime. That rough-neck, sir, carried a smouldering cigar into a carful of respectable people. Crowded in like sardines, sir, the helpless unfortunates were forced to endure the reek for minute after minute. Strong men grew pale and sought to reverse their cuffs. Gentle women choked and gasped for air where there was none. Our state, as you know, provides no penalty for the prisoner's horrible offense. When the car stopped, therefore, we seized the guilty scoundrel, with his foul cigar still clutched between his fingers, and tried him for his crime against humanity. The prisoner has had the benefit of a full jury, as you can see."

"Hm!" growled the District Attorney, "let's look at Exhibit A."

Silently the stale cigar butt was handed out.

The District Attorney sniffed at it cautiously, and then staggered back, beating the air with clenched fists.

"Take him away and give him the limit!" he shouted. "I approve of the sentence—as far as it goes."



"Hey, let go! Don't you know you ain't in season yet?"

As the prisoner was led away by two strong jurymen, the District Attorney drew his cough medicine from his pocket once more, and in another moment the whilom judge and jurymen were putting it where it would do the most good.

## The Wise M. D.

Once upon a time, there were two young doctors, just established in practice.

"I," said one, "will treat the poor for nothing, but the rich must pay."

"And I," quoth the other, "will treat the rich for nothing, and get my money from the poor."

The first doctor led a precarious existence for a time and then starved to death. There was nothing else for him to do. As he treated the poor for nothing, he got no income from that source, while the rich, having lots of money, put his bills in the pigeon-holes of their desks and forgot all about them. So he got no income from that quarter either.

The other doctor prospered exceedingly. Realizing that it was like pulling teeth to get money out of the rich, he relieved himself of all worry by charging them nothing for his professional services. He knew, on the other hand, that the poor expected to pay, and would and did pay promptly. He now has three automobiles.

A dollar in the hand is worth ten the year after next.

## At The Ball

or

## The Birth of an "Ation."

(A futurist motion-picture in nine sensations.)

Carnation  
Flirtation  
Hesitation  
Libation  
Inspiration  
Versification  
Perspiration  
Dissipation  
Meditation.

— M. A. Beer.

## EXCERPTS

### Culled from the Diary of a Diamond Chip

"O, my goodness, how small I feel here in the tray with all these big stones! Really, I don't see why anybody ever took the trouble to set poor me in a ring. My puny little rays, what do they amount to! I haven't as much fire as a lead dime. Nobody'll ever buy me—of that I'm sure."

"Wonder of wonders, somebody has actually bought me and I am being put in an imitation leather case! It must be that youngish man who fussed around our tray so long this afternoon and looked us all over, one after another. He held me up to the light, and I heard the clerk tell him that I wasn't a chip but a perfectly cut stone. Wow, what a whopper!"

"I don't know whether I'm in my right mind or not. The youngish looking man just took me out of my imitation leather bed and flashed me before a girl! Yes, sir — FLASHED me! Me! You'd have thought I was one of the crown jewels, he was so proud of me. And the girl, too! She went on in the most extraordinary manner; cried and laughed at once, and all that. Stuck her finger out and the young man put me on it. Neither of them did anything else the rest of the evening but kiss and look at me. I felt horribly uncomfortable because I knew there had been a mistake or worse. How I wished I could call out to them: 'I'm not a cut stone at all; I'm only a chip!'"

"I give up. The girl is going around to everybody she knows and is showing me off. I do my best to sparkle for her but a burnt match has got more sparkle than I have. And listen to this: she says that I weigh only a little less than a karat! It seems I am an engagement ring, whatever that may mean!"

## The Federation of Labor Becomes Indignant

One of the easiest things in the world is to become indignant at somebody else for doing things which you have no hesitation in doing. Many a man thinks none the worse of himself for flirting, more or less seriously, with his neighbor's wife. But if the neighbor should attempt the mildest of flirtations with *his* wife, that would be something else again; and the neighbor would be everything that is dishonorable and vile.

This brings us to the joyful news that the American Federation of Labor has indignantly refused the demand for a seven-hour day and an increase of wages which the Union of Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Typewriters has made in behalf of the stenographers, typewriters and bookkeepers that the Federation employs. As usual, present company is excepted when the Golden Rule is advocated.

## The Pro and Con of It

THE OPTIMIST: Come in and have a drink.  
THE PESSIMIST: I'll bet it's grape juice.



### A Precious Idea

A piano firm has conceived the idea of furnishing prospective customers with paper patterns the exact size of the bases of pianos, so that the customers may see the amount of floor space that the pianos will occupy.

In this invention there is a nourishing amount of food for thought. Why shouldn't some of our street railway companies adopt the idea and provide their patrons with paper patterns showing the amount of floor space that they are expected to occupy? On sober second thought, we retract this question. If street railways should do such a thing, they would be called insane for expecting a full-grown human to wedge himself into such a tiny space. That would never do.

But why shouldn't our restaurants furnish patterns showing the amount of stomach-space taken up by their different dishes? Instead of being handed a menu-card crowded with a jumble of mysterious names, a diner would receive from his waiter a handful of collapsible patterns. On opening them, he would discover that *Chevron de Argenteuil*, *pomade de glaucisse au fromage de bonbon*, or words to that effect, at \$4.75 the dish, occupied less than one-third the space, after being eaten, as that occupied by *Cabuchon au Blaumaude sous cloche*, *serviette de Turque à potage rissaff*, or thereabouts, at 80 cents the full portion. Thereupon he could order the latter with a care-free heart and a debonair countenance; and the devilish horrors of the menu-card would be overcome at one fell swoop.

There are great possibilities in this paper pattern idea. We wish that somebody would get out a paper pattern of the amount of amusement in the average musical comedy. In the words of the musical comedians themselves, that would be going some.

### Nocturne: The Theatre District

Down the vista of verging lights

I move with the rest of the passing show,

Waifs like me who can not know  
The why and the where of our days  
and nights.

The why of our fury, the where of  
our fret,

The whither of Love's blind, holy  
hours

Which, one with the souls of wilted  
flowers,

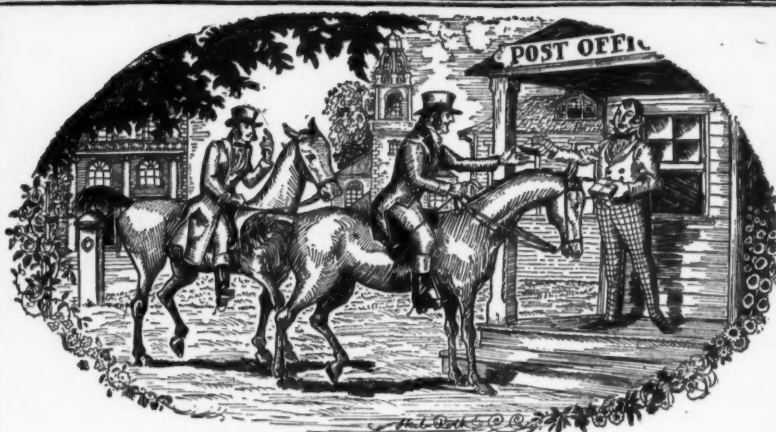
Drop into Time's deep oubliette.

What is it—this quest without sur-  
cease,

This blur of a road in a jungle of  
strife?

Is it only a boon of Death to Life,  
A moment's flurry—then aeons of  
peace?

—E. L.



"... on that morning the post brought news from our Richmond friend,—good news in the substantial form of packets of cigarettes of Virginia tobacco."

It is like stepping back into a quieter more courteous period, to dip into the aristocratic contents of a box of "good old Richmond Straight Cuts."

No other cigarette is quite like them. They have a subtle charm and quaint, old-time delicacy to be found only in their pure, "bright" Virginia tobacco.

You will find them just as appealing today as when the first ones were fashioned over two generations ago.

## RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT

### Cigarettes

PLAIN OR CORK TIP  
Fifteen cents

Also in attractive tins,  
50 for 40 cents; 100  
for 75 cents. Sent pre-  
paid if your dealer can-  
not supply you.

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Manager.







# The Ostensible Reasons Why the Man Who is Hunting for a House in the Country Doesn't Take the One that is Shown Him

- Either: It's too large  
 Or: It's too small  
 Or: It hasn't got a pergola  
 Or: There is too much land around it  
 Or: There isn't enough land around it  
 Or: The man who owns it wants to rent but won't sell  
 Or: The man who owns it wants to sell but won't rent  
 Or: It costs too much  
 Or: It's too cheap to be good for anything  
 Or: It's too close to the neighbors  
 Or: There aren't enough neighbors  
 Or: It's too far from the station  
 Or: It's too close to the railroad tracks  
 Or: It's too new-looking  
 Or: It's too old-looking  
 Or: There isn't a brook on the premises  
 Or: The land is too swampy  
 Or: The land is too dry  
 Or: It's too far from town: the servants wouldn't stay  
 Or: It's too close to town: all the tiresome old acquaintances would be calling all the time.

THE REAL REASON: He has cold feet.

## Theatrical Definitions

The vaudeville show is a theatrical newspaper which he who chews may read.

Musical comedy is the rhythmical expression of nothing in particular.

Burlesque is the mess of highly spiced pottage for which many of us sell our theatrical birthright.

Melodrama is the result of a grown-up's desire to hear some one say, "Boo! It's pitch dark and a big bear's comin'."

## A Wonder Child

THE GLOBE TROTTER—"No, Chinese is not a difficult language. I've met a ten year old boy who speaks it fluently."

THE STAYATHOME—"Indeed! What is the name of this youthful prodigy?"

THE GLOBE TROTTER—"Sing Wee Lo."



"I knew the public would go daffy over my voice some day."

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Million  
a year  
sold



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for  
35¢

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GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES are in sets of seven, each blade in separate paper envelope, and all in sealed wax paper wrapped package — guaranteed moisture and dust proof — guaranteed sanitary — insist on unbroken package. Beautifully balanced blades, of finest tempered steel, they take and hold a wonderful edge — each blade examined and tested before packing—seven blades for 35c.

The Gem Razor makes shaving a pleasure—the beard's off in a jiffy—so softly you never miss it—so smoothly—it's too good to be true, try it!



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**GEM**  
**\$1.00**

Shake your vintage champagne with cracked ice, and you get much the same destruction of flavor as when you do the same thing to

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This balanced and perfected mixture suffers by dilution. Pour over large lumps of ice or chill the bottle to be sure of the full and inimitable Club Cocktail flavor.

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**Old Overholt Rye**

"Same for 106 years"

stands on top in public favor. A straight Pennsylvania Rye that will be sure to please you as it has satisfied thousands in years gone by. Honestly aged in wood—bottled in bond.

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**New York's Theatrical Offerings**

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KLAW & ERLANGER, Managers

**RUTH CHATTERTON**  
and company including **BRUCE McRAE**  
**COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN**

**Gaiety Theatre** Evenings at 8.20  
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"UNDILUTED JOY"—WORLD

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NEW ICE BALLET MAMMOTH MINSTRELS 100 NOVELTIES  
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After the Play Visit Atop New Amsterdam

**NEW ZIEGFELD** Theatre  
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**MIDNIGHT FROLIC**

30 Most Beautiful Girls in the World

**REPUBLIC** W. 42nd St. Eves. 8.30. Mats.  
Wednesday and Saturday, 2.20

**JANE COWL**

in **"LILAC TIME"**

By Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin

**Plays and Players**

(Continued from page 13)

gratitude. Chesterton is worth while whatever he says, and with whatever subject he deals.

\* \* \*

The play was excellently acted. O. P. Heggie is an actor whom it is always a pleasure to watch. His wonderful diffidence, and his wistful demeanor are extremely interesting. He is devoid of tricks, and cut-and-dried methods, and I have never seen him fail. Cathleen Nesbitt is almost equally worthy. Wallace Erskine, Leonard Mudie, and Frank Conroy made one feel that the theatre, after all, was progressive. As Chesterton's "only play," "Magic" was a genuine event.

\* \* \*

It was preceded by a wishy-washy "whimsey" in one act and three scenes by John Galsworthy called "The Little Man." The label of course meant everything. If it had been the work of John Smith, I fancy that it would have been trash-basketed. It told the story of a little man who, in his zeal to help a woman with a baby on to a train, found himself stranded with the baby. The child was suspected of having typhus, and the passengers were all agog, until the mother arrived and the child was restored. However, as I say, there was the "Galsworthy" label, and for critics, the situation was saved.

\* \* \*

"Johnny Get Your Gun" at the Criterion Theatre, proved to be one of those "entertainments" carefully designed for what we love to call the "ready laugh." Take an English Duke, see that he is insulted by an illiterate "hero," and you are sure of the "sympathy" of a certain brand of audience. Furnish this "hero" with a sweetheart who approves of his roughneck behavior, and his contempt for decency, and then insist that the Duke is "foiled" in the last act—and you will always have a play that will spear the "ready laugh." With this sort of playwright, illiteracy is looked upon as most winsome. If he need a feminine character to eke out his designs, he invariably plies her with double negatives. If she spoke good English, he would consider her haughty, and full of airs. This absurd notion is carried out all through "Johnny Get Your Gun," by Lawrence Burke.

\* \* \*

Miss Dorothy Donnelly "revised" it. What on earth she revised I could not discover. Louis Dennison as the ridiculous hero was not at all bad. It was little Loraine Frost, with her dainty speech, and deplorable manners who proved to be the saving grace of the piece. That is exactly what it was—a piece.

**Better Time**

THE Highbrow (thoughtfully)—The tide moves a lot in twenty years.

THE Lowbrow (who got stung on a suburban land-scheme)—It moved mine overnight.

**Puck's Confidential Guide**  
To  
**New York's Theatrical Offerings**

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Evenings at 8.30  
Charles Froman presents

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**ADAMS FOR**  
**CINDERELLA**

J. M. BARRIE'S GREATEST TRIUMPH

**SHUBERT ATTRACTIONS**  
IN NEW YORK

**WINTER GARDEN . . . . . SHOW OF**  
**SHUBERT . . . . . WONDERS**

**ASTOR . . . . . Love o' Mike**

**CASINO . . . . . Her Soldier Boy**

**39th ST. . . . . You're in Love**

**BOOTH . . . . . Emma Dunn**

**William Gillette**



—would not look half so exquisite if there were a spot or streak of soil to mar the beauty of her costume.  
Five drops of —

**CARBONA**  
**Cleaning Fluid**

and a white cloth will eliminate a spot. Keep a bottle on your dressing-table. It is perfectly safe because Carbona —will not explode

15c.—25c.—50c.—\$1.00 bottles. At all druggists

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## Daylight Hoarding

The annual convention of Daylight Savers had assembled. The representative of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce arose.

"I think the daylight should be conserved," he announced.

"When Pittsburgh hasn't any daylight how can it save it?" queried an irreverent sceptic from the back seat. A titter of merriment was the only answer. The delegate from Alaska was the next to obtain the floor.

"We've got too blamed much daylight in summer," he complained. "The sun don't never set. It's as hard to sleep as it is to keep awake in Philadelphia. In winter, though, we don't get two bits worth of light. The only way we keep the hens laying is to keep electric lights burning in their nests."

"That's our idea exactly," interposed the chairman. "If you save enough daylight in summer it will tide you over the dark months, that is, if you put it in a safe, reliable bank. 'A sunbeam a day will keep the winter away,' is the Association's motto, you know."

"I suggest an international exchange of light with the southern hemisphere," advanced the banker. "When it's summer here it's winter there. Therefore in summer we could supply the countries below the equator with light, if in our winter they would reciprocate the favor from their summer's excess."

"Blindness is a matter of slow clocks," the watchmaker asserted. "If we set the clocks forward it would result in more daylight. If there was more daylight there would be less eye strain and ensuing blindness. Therefore if we set the clocks forward there would be less blindness."

"The magazines, I believe, have prepared the way for the daylight saving movement," declared the publisher. "By publishing the July summer girl number in January and the Polar Bear novelette in the January issue appearing in July, we have done our best to convince the public that summer is winter and, winter summer."

The earnest reformer from Boston then arose.

"I believe the clocks should all be set forward one hour in summer when there is considerable daylight, and two hours in winter when every moment of day is precious," he urged. "By this means we should foster greater industry and frugality among our working class."

"But what if under the new plan everybody insisted upon getting up at eight instead of seven o'clock in the summer, and arose at nine in the winter?" inquired the Conscientious Objector to the alarm clock.

"We should set the clock forward another hour and outwit them," the daylight snatcher explained triumphantly. There was an audible yawn in the rear of the room.

"What's in a name?" murmured the still unenlightened citizen on the back bench.

"Six o'clock by any other name is just as bitter."

A deep silence descended on the room, broken only by the heavy breathing of the unenlightened man who had attended the meeting in hopes of discovering some way by which he might escape having to be at the shop by seven the next morning.

—Edward S. Morse

## In Union There Is Trouble

Special Notice to the Public

V. Truzzolini, the original tamale manufacturer, who conducts the tamale and chile parlor at 120 West Park street, announces to the public that he is not the one who has had trouble in court about the union and about working the help more than what the law allows. The public is cordially invited to come in and enjoy themselves with whatever they eat, without worrying if they are in the right place where trouble never was and never will be.

V. TRUZZOLINI, Owner and Manager,  
—Adv. 130 West Park St.

—The Butte (Montana) Miner

## A Chip of the Old Block

IMPERTINENT YOUNG FELLOW (as barber-masseur extracts a blackhead): Wow, that hurts! You have a wooden touch, believe me.

BARBER-MASSEUR (sarcastically): What else can you expect when I extract blackheads from blockheads?

## Bent Too Far

THE PRINCETONIAN: I was on pleasure bent.

THE VASSARITE: And then—

THE PRINCETONIAN: And then, before I knew it, I was broke.

## Not Convinced

HE: You have a very kissable mouth.

SHE: How do you know?



Jimmie's explanation of the cause.

## A Health Aid for the Rainy-day Shopper—

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for your children is perhaps the most important choice you have to make. You need the best guide in existence and that undoubtedly you will find every month in the

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for it is in Harper's Magazine that you find the announcements of more private and preparatory schools and colleges than in any other publication—the widest, the best, and the most dependable selection.

Would you not like to have your own child go to school with children whose parents read Harper's Magazine?



## If Men Did Things as Women Do

(Continued from page 20)

too lovely to be spoiled by the proximity of an inharmonious color. I feel sure that the discordant note would be noticed and unfavorably commented on by persons of keen discrimination.

(HERBERT, CHARLES, JOHN and the CLERK take it over to the window, compare it with the sample, and condemn it.)

CLERK (scattering several more boxes on the counter): Here is a shape that is very popular in modish circles. It is made unusually short, so that one may smoke it in an automobile without poking it into the eye of a vis-a-vis.

(HERBERT inserts the cigar in his mouth and revolves slowly, in order to allow his companions to get the effect.)

JOHN: Hideous, dear chap!

CHARLES: Perfectly vile!

JOHN (who has been pawing over the cigars on the counter): Try this one, Herbert. It's rather smart.

(HERBERT tries it.)

JOHN (ecstatically): A perfect love, Herbert! Just the thing for you.

CHARLES: Adorable, Herbert! You look too ravishing for words in it!

HERBERT: (to the CLERK): How much is this cigar?

CLERK: Those come fifty-two dollars a box of a hundred. A very superior article, those are.

HERBERT (absently): Hm! Haven't you something very similar for about seven dollars?

(The CLERK takes down 165 more boxes and opens all of them. HERBERT tries on cigar after cigar, but seems dissatisfied with all of them. At length in desperation, he seizes a fifteen-cent box of cigarettes and has them charged.)

HERBERT: Mercy! I'm simply exhausted from shopping so much! Let's get a bite of lunch, boys. We can come back after lunch and finish choosing the cigars.

JOHN: Yes, let's! I'm starved!

CHARLES (irrelevantly): There are three new five-reelers at the Astigma Theatre.

HERBERT (to the CLERK): Thank you so much! We'll be back later.

(They depart chattering.)

CLERK (collecting the cigars savagely): Like fun they'll come back! I know 'em! They're all alike! They'll get ten cents' worth of pipe tobacco and call it a day!

(The curtain falls to the accompaniment of the dull thuds of cigar boxes being replaced on the shelves.)

### His Last Resort

THE COLLECTOR: Is your master at home?

THE SERVANT: Yes, sir; walk in.

THE COLLECTOR: Thank heaven, I shall see some money at last.

THE SERVANT: Don't make that mistake. If he had any money, he wouldn't be at home.



## Springtime Furnishings

City home?—it needs the touch of lighter draperies; gay cretonnes; cool-looking rugs; wicker furniture; slip-covers.

Country place?—these same summery things are needed all the more, to be in keeping with their environment. Awnings and window shades, too.

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# Grow Stronger As You Grow Older

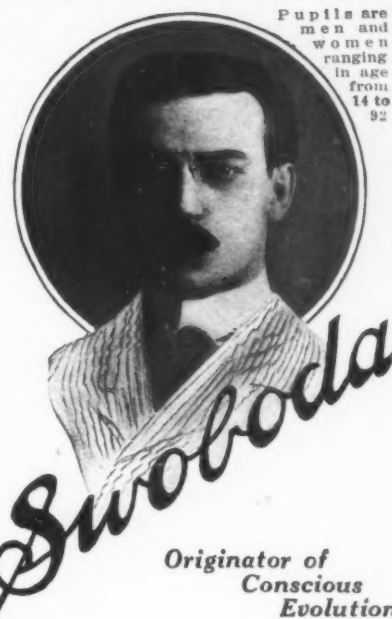
**I** KNOW that I can easily, quickly and positively prove to you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the joys and benefits of living in full; and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be, and only half as well developed as you ought to be.

The fact is that no matter who you are, whether you are young or old, weak or strong, rich or poor, I can prove to you readily by demonstration that you are leading an inferior life, and I want the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come in possession of new life, vigor, energy, development and a higher realization of life and success.

**Become Superior to Other Men.** The Swoboda System can make a better human being of you, physically, mentally and in every way. The Swoboda System can do more for you than you can imagine. It can so vitalize every organ, tissue and cell of your body as to make the mere act of living a joy. It can give you an intense, thrilling and pulsating nature. It can increase your very life. I not only promise it, I guarantee it. My guarantee is unusual, startling, specific, positive and absolutely fraud proof.

**Why Take Less Than Your Full Share of Life and Pleasure?** Are you living a full and successful life? Why not always be at your best—thoroughly well, virile, energetic? Why not invest in yourself and make the most of your every opportunity? It is easy when you know how. The Swoboda System points the way. It requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study, no loss of time, no special bathing; there is nothing to worry you. It gives ideal mental and physical conditions without inconvenience or trouble.

**Your Earning Power,** your success depend entirely upon your energy, health, vitality, memory and will power. Without these, all knowledge becomes of small value, for it cannot be put into active use. The Swoboda System can make you tireless, improve your memory, intensify your will power, and make you physically just as you ought to be. I promise it.



Originator of  
Conscious  
Evolution

## WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

"About two years ago I took your course; I can now say that I would not be without the knowledge for any price, when I began I suffered from everything—your System gave me immediate relief and new vitality. I gained in weight, my nervous system became strong, and I felt like a new man soon; besides, my disposition has become more cheerful; I am not sluggish now like I was. I do not mind working; the affairs of life do not worry me any more. You deserve all the success you can get. I'm a 'booster'."

"I am more than pleased with the results I have obtained; I feel as if my body had attained a new life."

"The results in my case verify every one of your statements; I am interesting my friends in your System."

"I was very much run down; your first lesson made a very great improvement in my feelings."

"Your System has made me feel better than I have

ever felt before; it has taken that 'tired feeling' out of me, which I had continually."

"I am 88 years old. I can get around as lively as a young man, thanks to your System."

"I cannot express how thankful and grateful I am to you. Your System is beyond all expectations. That restless feeling has left me and I can eat very heartily. I feel more invigorated than I have ever felt."

"My condition is so much improved that were it not seemingly silly to say so, and that my friends would ridicule the statement, I would say that your System has made a new man of me."

"I have now taken the lessons less than three weeks; they have really benefited me wonderfully; my arms and chest have gained at least an inch. Your System has given me great confidence in myself."

"Your System holds my interest because I feel conscious of a distinct advancement every day in my condition. I thus feel eager for the daily effort, and

**I have at least 50,000 similar testimonials**

look forward to the lessons which, by the way, are most agreeable; they have put new life in my body."

"I have many friends who have taken your System and all recommend it very highly."

"I never felt so well before in my life."

"I have searched for just this kind of a System and physical improvement for three years. I am a blacksmith, but your System gives me results which my work and exercise cannot equal. I enclose my check with pleasure."

"I feel ashamed that I hesitated so long to give your System a trial, now I wonder why every one does not take it. I am 73 years old, but your System is making a young man of me."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"I feel more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your System to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."



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# WHEN PA BEGINS TO SHAVE



WHEN Sunday mornin' came around  
My Pa hung up his strop,  
An' took his razor out an' made  
It go c'flop! c'flop!  
An' then he got his mug an' brush,  
An' yelled t' me, "Behave!"  
I tell you, things was mighty still—  
When Pa began t' shave.

Then Pa he'd stir his brush around,  
An' make the soapsuds fly;  
An' sometimes, when he stirred too hard,  
He got some in his eye.  
I tell you, it was funny then  
To see Pa stamp and rave;  
But they never ketched me laffin'—  
When Pa began t' shave.

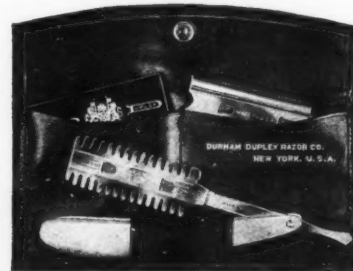
When Pa got done a-shavin' of  
His face, he'd turn around,  
An' Uncle Bill he'd say: "Why, John,  
Y'ur chin looks like ploughed ground!"  
An' then he'd laff—jest laff an' laff,  
But I had t' behave,  
Cos things was apt t' happen quick—  
When Pa began t' shave.

But what a change has come about!  
Pa shaves 'most ev'ry day.  
He's got a Durham-Duplex now;  
A coupon showed the way.  
A Demonstrator put him wise  
To all the time he'd save;  
Our house is like a playground now—  
When Pa begins t' shave.

He don't git mad, or rant around;  
He's mild as he can be.  
"I reckon the Millennium  
Has come," says Ma to me.  
An' Pa, he says, "By heck, it has!  
For years I was a slave,  
But DURHAM-DUPLEX set me free!  
I've jest begun t' shave."

An' Uncle Bill, he says, "Why, John,  
Yer face looks good as new.  
Duplex fer ME!" The Hired Man  
Chimes in an' says, "Me, too!"  
An' I will buy one, too, you bet!  
I'm goin' to save and save.  
It won't be very many years  
'Fore I begin t' shave!

Then Pa says to the Hired Man,  
"I'll make you happy, too!  
I've found a coupon with my blades  
That offers me a new  
Five-dollar 'Duplex Domino'  
For just a dollar bill;  
Here, lad, the old blade's good enough  
For many a good shave still."



**DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N. J.**  
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Kit Outfit as per illustration above for which find  
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